Miss Ruth E. Springa
Brownsville, Ont.

254-11 Mar41

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JUNE 7, 1940. | 77th ear.

Our Beloved Sovereign Proclaims Confident Faith in God

(From the Empire Day Broadcast of His Majesty King George VI.)

TO all of us in the Empire, to all men of vision and goodwill throughout the world, the issue is now plain: It is life or death for us all. Defeat will not mean some brief eclipse from which we shall emerge with strength renewed—it will mean destruction of our world as we have known it and the descent of darkness upon its ruins.

I SPEAK to you today with a new vision of this Empire before my eyes. Now that it has come into conflict and sharp comparison with the evil system which is attempting its destruction, its full significance appears in a brighter and more certain light.

THERE is a word which our enemies use against us—Imperialism—by it they mean the spirit of domination and the lust of conquest. We free peoples of the Empire cast that word back in their teeth. It is they who have these evil aspirations.

OUR one object has always been peace: Peace in which our institutions may be developed, the condition of our peoples improved, and the problems of government solved in the spirit of goodwill. This peace they have taken from us and they are seeking to destroy all that we have striven to maintain. Against our honesty is set dishonor, against our faithfulness is set treachery, against our justice brute force.

THERE in clear and unmistakable opposition lie the forces that now confront one another. The great uprising of the peoples throughout the Empire shows without doubt which will prevail. They have risen in just wrath against a thing which they detest and despise. Nothing can shake their resolution. In perfect unity of purpose they will defend their lives and all that makes life worth living.

Confidence Not Dimmed

LET no one think that my confidence is dimmed when I tell you how perilous is the ordeal which we are facing. On the contrary it shines in my heart as brightly as it shines in yours. But confidence alone is not enough. It must be armed with courage and resolution, with endurance and self-sacrifice.

THESE are the high qualities that the men of the homeland and the men from overseas in an unending stream are bringing to the struggle on land and sea and in the air.

AT this moment our thoughts turn to our fighting men and to those who love them: mothers, wives and sweethearts at home. Beside them stand soldiers of our old ally, France, and with them Poland and Norway, Belgium and Holland, peoples upon whose peaceful lands has fallen all the horror of treacherous and unprovoked aggression.

AT this fateful hour we turn, as our fathers before us have turned in all times of trial, to God the Most High. Here in the Old Country I have asked that Sunday next shall be observed as a day of national prayer. It may be possible for many of our brethren across the seas to join their prayers with ours. Let us with one heart and soul humbly but confidently commit our cause to God and ask His aid that we may valiantly defend the right as it is given to us to see.

SO now, peoples of the Empire, men and women in all quarters of the globe, I say to you: Put into your task, whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshaken. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail.

"Food for Health"

DO we eat to live or live to eat? A great deal of the success of our daily diet depends on good cookery and choice of the right foods. Very expensive food can be spoiled in the cooking, whereas very economical food well cooked and served with sufficient variety will keep a family happy and healthy and save a great deal of dyspepsia.

The Canadian Medical Association has prepared a booklet which will no doubt preserve many valuable lives as well as saving weary housewives hours of worry and anxious planning. For here in concise form are instructions for feeding families of different sizes (all entrancingly set forth in blue suits) and we learn with surprise that a family consisting of father, mother and three small children can be completely nourished for $8.55 a week, a daily cost of only twenty-four cents a person! Twenty such tables are given so that every size of family is provided for. The first table provides for one person's food at $1.85 per week so that if any of the subsequent families (which are composed of a parent or parents and different sizes and numbers of children) should be so happy as to have a Granny or Auntie attached, the first table will only have to be added to the other table which fits the size of the family being considered. And this is a wonderful point to remember, *"More money cannot buy better nutrition; it will simply buy a greater variety of more expensive food."*

Foods are divided into five groups:

Milk and milk products;

Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits;

Meat, fish and eggs;

Bread and other cereals;

Sweets, fats, flavorings, etc.

The quantities of each food for each week are given in the tables as are also suggestions for menus and some shopping hints.

Cooking hints remind us to save the water in which vegetables have been boiled, as well as the liquid from tinned vegetables. Either of these adds to the flavor and nourishing quality of soups and also makes a pleasant hot drink by itself. Try it with a dash of milk, especially in potato water.

We should like to have seen another paragraph devoted to the proper cooking of the cheaper cuts of meat.

* * *

"The Canadian farmer produces all the foods necessary for good health."

"This book has been prepared to help you protect the health of your family.

* * *

"We have a war to win. We must be fit for whatever task is required of us. Every housewife can do her bit—and help others do theirs—by keeping her family's health at a high level.

* * *

"By eating the proper kind and amount of food, you and your family are protecting yourselves against the diseases which go along with war and which spread in the period immediately following.

* * *

"When there is not much money to spend for food, first on the shopping list should be milk or cheese, potatoes and whole grain products. . . . Together these foods supply nearly all the substances necessary for good health."

Contentment

A STORY is told of a king who was suffering from a malady and was advised by his astrologer that he could be cured if the shirt of a contented man were brought for him to wear. People went out to all parts of the kingdom after such a person and after a long search they found a man who was really happy, but he did not possess a shirt. The happy man is one who has found peace first in his own heart, has learned that the abundance of his possessions have nothing to do with happiness, has discovered that losing his life is finding it.—Waif.

Discoveries in New Guinea

REMAINS found among tribes in the hinterland of New Guinea include stone pestles and motars similar to those used in ancient Egypt for recovering gold from quartz. A further link with Egypt is the ancient practice of mummifying the dead. These discoveries in this newly explored country have been revealed by a well-known anthropologist. Among the things he found were fortified mountain villages on pinnacles so steep that hostile natives may hurl insults at one another from one village to the next. Snow was found on mountains only a few miles from the equator, and also terraced and hanging gardens, beautifully cultivated, on precipitous hillsides, like those that made Babylon famous. Laid out in the mountain fastness are neatly planted permanent parks maintained for tribal ceremonies.—Sel.

If kindness, love and beauty — all worth while,
Never brought to lips an answering smile,
If no one smiled until they met with mirth,
We then should lack the loveliest thing on earth.

—Kathleen Partridge.

A Cat and Dog Life

ENMITY between cat and dog must have existed ever since they became domesticated, and it has been accepted as natural for untold generations.

The old saying about a cat and dog life has passed into currency as indicative of dissension. Most of us recognise that it is a propensity of dogs to chase cats, but if pussy comes to bay, as she usually does, it is a bold dog that will tackle her.

Most of them, remembering that they have a pressing engagement elsewhere, just pass on, but some of the gassy ones, as if proclaiming their pusillanimity bark furiously at a respectable distance.

There are really few dogs that would attempt to harm a cat that had the pluck to defend itself. I once saw a fox terrier catch a half-grown kitten and throw it into the air. Before I could go to the rescue, however, the kitten, recovering its presence of mind, had turnd on its tormentor and the terrier disappeared around the corner.

Occasionally, pussy, relying upon her defensive powers, makes a mistake and meets her end. I have heard it said that Sealyhams and bull terriers are both killers, having no fear. Cats are not always the pacifists. I remember one attached to the waiting room of a station that used to make an onslaught on any passing dogs, which she put to flight without opposition.

Dogs and cats can be brought up together in the same house on terms of friendship. When I had a large kennel of bloodhounds the stable cat, which was a famous ratter and mouser, would lie contentedly among a number of them, no doubt enjoying the warmth from their bodies. She would allow them to carry her about in their mouths without protest, seeming to understand that it was all a part of the game.

How does a cat know when a dog is likely to be friendly? My Labrador was romping on the lawn one day when a cat came up and joined in the fun, but she kept a respectable distance from the terrier.—Tail Wagger Chats.

A New Serial Story

"NEIGHBORS"

By A. C. Chamberlain

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WHEN young Allen Coulson rented the old Adams' place because he felt he must move to a farm where he could have more pasture for his growing bunch of young horses, he declared that now was his chance of breaking off from the ridiculous habit he was forming, of everlastingly "neighboring" with everyone around.

"Folks were meant to stand on their own feet," he argued with his sister Bessie, who was also his housekeeper, "Here in this community they can't even shuck out a half dozen loads of corn without calling in the rest of us to help. It's just a waste of time."

"They are always ready to help you in return," contended Bessie. "You can't say they are not fair about it."

"When I can outwork any one of them, and they know it," retorted her brother. "Just let a sick man or a cripple move into one of these country neighborhoods and see how he'd fare."

"Somehow I believe they would help him just the same," Bessie insisted. "I don't believe the idea of getting the whole neighborhood to work together is altogether a selfish one."

"All right, we won't find out," returned her brother briskly, "since none of us is either crippled or sick, nor intend to be."

* * *

"YOU can't always tell," said Bessie wisely, "and I think that the plan of 'neighboring' which you pretend not to like—though you are the first one out when help is called for—began with the idea of folks unselfishly helping each other and I just love it."

At which Allan laughed and then hurried out to his work, for the busy time of moving had begun, and after came the still more busy time of settling and getting used to the different arrangements, convenient or otherwise, on their new farm.

Then the rush of spring work began and it was not until everything was well started that Allan had time to reflect that, for the whole of this time, not one of his new neighbors had either asked or offered a bit of help.

"What was I telling you?" he said to Bessie in some triumph. "In this new neighborhood they don't know what kind of a worker I am. See how long it takes them to offer a day's work for one in exchange."

"There are other ways of being neighborly besides merely exchanging work," contended Bessie, keeping to her old side of the unfinished argument. "One can sneak in a load of coal some evening after dark, the way you did for Grandfather Holst, or they——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Allan sheepishly, "or they might borrow a bit of tea, for instance," and with that the subject was dropped, Allan being sensitive about those points wherein his practising and preaching did not fit.

* * *

WHETHER young Robert was right in saying that Allan was so independent the folks around did not like to offer help to such a fellow as he pretended to be, time would show. "Just wait till they find out that you are the bandit who got up a crowd and finished the cornpicking for Tim Burley when he was sick with the measles," remarked the younger brother pertly, "Then they will know how to deal with you," at which Allan got ready to hustle out to the field, remarking that if the folks around here waited to be asked before they offered help, it would be a long time in coming; he for his part had never seen any real need of all this "neighboring"

During all this time Allan had been crowding the field work, using the little time he could spare in occasional visits to look after his colts. He usually managed to get over to the big creek pasture where he kept them, at least every other day; to make sure the young horses were all right and the pasture in good shape.

While the rush of spring work was at its height he had neglected them for several days when, having a few hours in which the work did not seem actually to crowd him, he mounted his spirited little cattle pony, Mona, and started out on his errand.

He was sorry he had left the young animals so long untended. Not that there was any especial probability of their coming to harm; but Allan had never liked the arrangement which placed the horse pasture a long mile from the home barn. The colts ought to be kept within sight of folks. There was less possibility of mishap and they were not so wild and timorous when finally brought in for breaking and training.

These thoughts were passing through his mind as he hurried his pony along towards the creek pasture so inconveniently distant from the house.

Somehow he had a notion that something might be wrong; a foreboding based on the feeling that it had been unwise to bring away all the trained and broken horses and leave a lot of flighty colts off by themselves.

"We'll change this another year," grumbled Allan, giving Mona a nudge in her ribs to hurry her pace a little as they sped past the clump of black locusts which cut off the view of the forepart of the pasture.

* * *

AT this point he usually caught his first glimpse of the frolicsome young animals, sometimes with their heads over the gate in expectant welcome, sometimes playing together in the open spaces, or hungrily nipping off great bunches of the plentiful green grass.

Four bays, a chestnut, two sorrels and a black; a pretty bunch. Allan would be glad when they passed the frolicsome colty stage when accidents were most frequent and settled down to steady plodding horsehood.

Still with the vague anxiety in the back of his mind, Allan rounded the corner with its clump of trees and looked eagerly ahead for a sight of his young stock; but near and far, up next the fence, in the broad sweep of the middle pasture which lay well open to the eye, or in the shade of scattered trees which outlined the course of the creek, no colts could be seen.

Of course, he reflected moodily, there was still the possibility that they might be feeding in the ravine next the creek bottom, though this was hardly likely, since the grass on the higher, warmer ground was still fresh and juicy.

There was the more troublesome likelihood that they might have broken through somewhere and made their way into a neighboring field.

The quickest way to be sure of either would be to ride around the fence. In this way he would come upon the break, if any, and at the same time, review the whole pasture.

Allan followed out this plan as rapidly as his quick-stepping little pony could make it at a brisk walk.

When he arrived again at the gate, having overlooked the entire length of the fence and scanned every ravine and clump of trees and undergrowth there was a deep shade of anxiety on his boyish face.

The fence was as sound and tight as when he had turned the horses in two months before. There was only one way by which the animals could have come out.

That was by the gate and, since that was strong and well fastened when he came, it naturally looked as if someone had taken them out.

But who? Allan looked carefully up and down the road in front of the gate which he had not thought to do at first.

There in the soft earth he could see the marks of many trampling hoofs; evidently those of the colts, and among them—plain and distinct—stood out the calk prints of a horse's shoe.

There was a shod animal among them, which, reading the tale of the prints on the ground—had followed after the others.

The only possible conclusion was that the colts had been let out and driven away.

* * *

FOR a few minutes after making this discovery, Allan followed blindly after the trail of the escaping animals, too much bewildered by his misfortune to make any plans for their recapture.

For a short distance the tracks were easily traced along the open road, then they seemed to have been driven up on the grassy side bank as if to obscure their trail.

The youth dismounted here and, leading his pony by the bridle, continued to follow the course of the colts by the broken and disordered grass at the roadside and an occasional print of the shod animal. In this way he tracked them down to the broad gravelled highway where on the hard surface, beaten down by constant travel, it was almost impossible to follow.

One thing he made out by the angle of their turn from the soft clay of the side road; they had gone towards the north; of another he felt sure from the fresh cut earth and broken down grasses and weeds by the wayside, the trail was not yet twenty-four hours old.

Still uncertain what course to follow, Allan sprang onto his pony and rode to the first house on the highway, about twenty rods beyond the turn.

* * *

THERE was no sign of any hoof marks leading up to the barnyard gate; so the animals had not turned in here. Moreover, the pleasant open face of the man who was tinkering at a cultivator in the barnyard would place him entirely beyond suspicion.

"Have you seen a bunch of colts pass this way?" called Allan, drawing rein at the open gate; and the man, pushing his hat back from his forehead for a better look at the newcomer, answered heartily:

"Nary one, neighbor, have you lost some?"

"I'm afraid so," returned Allan riding his pony into the yard, his natural diffidence making him loth to linger, though he knew it would be best to advertise his loss as widely as possible, "I had them in that big pasture a mile east of here."

"Uh huh?" returned the farmer thoughtfully, "Wilson's pasture. I know. You're young Coulson who rents the old Adams' farm. Heard of you," and the older man extended his hand in cordial greeting.

"That's who I am," returned Allan, not able to respond as warmly as he felt because of the anxiety which chilled him. "I had a bunch of colts in that pasture; eight of them; two and three-year-olds. Been taken out through the pasture gate within twenty-four hours, I should judge, by the tracks. I traced them down to this road where I lost them in the gravel. Thought you might have seen them pass."

"Nope," said the farmer again, and then he raised his voice. "Marthy, Marthy," he called.

* * *

A WOMAN, whose energetic movements in the house could be distinctly heard from where they stood, came out on the porch.

"Want something, John?" she called.

"You seen anything of some stray colts passin' on the highway?" returned her husband, "This young fellow's lost some."

The woman came down the steps towards the little gate leading into the barnyard to answer at closer range.

"I didn't *see* any," she replied, scanning Allan's face with shrewd observant eyes, "but I *heard* a parcel of horses passing here last night, say three o'clock or so. It was moonlight, but I didn't look out, knowing they wa'n't strays. I heard the crack of a whip loud and plain."

"Those were my colts, I'm certain," commented Allan positively. "They were let out at the gate and driven off by someone on a shod horse. Now where was he taking them?"

"Up towards the river, most like," suggested the farmer, suddenly rousing, "Better get the officers to guard the bridges and have the fords watched."

"I must get home first to tell the folks where I'm going," returned Allan, "and call on some of my old neighbors to help pass the word along."

* * *

"NEIGHBORS nothing," remonstrated the farmer heartily, "every man's your neighbor when you're in trouble. Specially when you lose a horse. Suppose we want a gang of thieves to come in here and think they can get off scot free? You come into the house and telephone to the officers up at Deland and Scotia nigh the two bridges to be on guard and warn Jim Mosh and Tom Gordon who live next the only two fords. Then you'll have them cut off from getting out of the district, and all you'll have to do will be to ransack the pastures to the north and west."

Allan followed the advice about telephoning; but was firm in his determination to ride home before taking the trail further.

He wanted to tell Bessie of the trouble which had overtaken him; to urge Robert, his very uncertain help in this farming venture, to keep the work going as best he could; and then prepare to ride for an extended search through all the districts which lay between them and the river.

It was now ten o'clock. By the time he had galloped home, fed his pony and eaten dinner it was nearly one.

From home he rode directly towards Graham's. This was the hardest part of the duty which lay before him. Two of the missing colts, the sorrel team, belonged to John Graham and he had taken them to pasture.

John was a nice enough fellow and had always seemed a good friend to Allan; but just how he would conduct himself in the present emergency, his young neighbor hardly knew.

He was at work in a field next the road as Allan rode up, and stopped in his work of thinning out a too exuberant growth of corn to call:

"Hello, Allan. What's the good word with you?"

"Not the best, John," returned Allan drawing up his pony.

"Nothing the matter with the colts?" inquired John in quick anxiety, coming to the fence.

"I hope not," answered Allan hesitatingly. "To tell the truth, John, they're gone, and I'm afraid they're stolen."

"Stolen!" exclaimed John Graham indignantly. "Is that the way you take care of things you have in charge? You return me those colts, Allan Coulson, or I'll sue you for the last cent they're worth."

* * *

"HOLD on, hold on," said Allan warningly, "by all the laws governing pastured stock, I'm not liable for a hair of them, and that you know. I could give you warning of their loss and drop the case without blame; but that I don't intend to do."

"You promised to take care of them, Allan," whined John, dropping his threatening attitude.

"I promised them good food and water and the same care I gave my own," returned Allan firmly. "You knew what that would be and you're not as badly off as I am; for mine are gone too, all six of them."

John gave a long whistle and looked in surprise at Allan's unfaltering expression, "What are you going to do?" he asked the next minute.

(Please turn to Page 12.)

FRESHMAN COACH

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

STATE COLLEGE, Ferndale, had a new freshman baseball coach, known as Jim. He had always gone on the theory that the players under his tutelage did better when driven—that the way to get results was to bawl out the boys frequently and to praise sparingly, even when praise was richly deserved.

When Jim first took over his new duties as yearling mentor, however, he was not so "hard" as later. As the days passed he grew more verbally brutal toward the players for their mistakes. Yet he wondered why several of the boys quit the team. A recent graduate, Jim was only slightly older than some of the boys he mentored.

One day the center fielder on his baseball team, a boy named Pete Jones, had lost the game by missing a ball, allowing two runners to score. And Jim was not content to bawl him out once. He kept rubbing it in.

Pete's father, once a famous varsity coach, but now retired, knew, of course, what was going on, having heard Jim's talk personally and also the slow-developing but bitter complaints of the boys. So he asked Jim to go fishing with him one Saturday when there was no game. He wanted to give Jim some good advice—give it to him in private where they could thrash things out as man to man.

Out in the quiet of the wilderness Mr. Jones said:

"Jim, I like you and want you to succeed. But I'm afraid you are using methods that will take you into oblivion instead of to the heights. That boy of mine plays baseball purely for the love of the game. He's sorry about missing that ball—sorrier than you have any idea. But the game can't be played over again. Errors have to stand, unfortunate though they may be. Every day each of the boys plays the best he knows how. They're on their toes all of the time. They're anxious to win—to make a good showing.

"But, big as it is, Jim, baseball is not the biggest thing in Pete's life. He doesn't intend to make coaching a life work as you do. He's going to be a lawyer. You're getting paid for coaching but he's not getting paid for playing. That game was more important to you than it was to him because your proportion of victories determines whether you'll retain your job or not. It's a matter of cold, hard cash to you. But you can't win victories with a team divided—with its members cowed and angry. I used to follow your methods, too, when I was as young as you are. But I found it didn't pay. People just cannot be driven; it isn't human nature. It goes against the grain.

* * *

"ALL of the fellows liked you, Jim, when you first came here. You acted like a human being. However, you've changed. Instead of treating the players like human beings as you did then, you're trying to drive them. You've turned into a grouch. And I'm telling you it isn't over. You probably wondered why Steve quit the team when he was the best pitcher on the squad. It wasn't because of the pressure of student body activities as he made out. It was because of you, Jim.

"Steve can take it as well as the other players, but, like the rest of them, he got tired of unreasonable criticism. In his opinion, the game much as he loved it, wasn't worth the price he had to pay under the circumstances. No game is. Many of the other fellows are pretty disgruntled. There has even been talk of a wholesale walkout. I don't think it will come to that because I'm using my influence to prevent it. The boys will continue to listen to me just as they have done for several weeks. I can assure you that I have already prevented many of the fellows from quitting the team by using persuasion.

"But I can't prevent this step forever, Jim. That's why I'm telling you all this. As I say, I want you to succeed; you are almost like a son to me. That's why I've come out to the practice sessions so much. I wanted to give you the benefit of my long experience. Baseball hasn't changed much in the last fifteen or twenty years, you know. The same strategy and training methods are employed now as then.

"You probably know how the famous Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, treats his players, don't you? Mack has been very successful in winning pennants and world series. But he didn't win them by driving his players and by censuring them. He treated them like human beings. He showed a fatherly attitude toward them. But you, Jim, never have a good word for any of your boys when they make a sparkling catch or hit a long drive. You seem to take those things for granted. With you it is censure or nothing. That's a mighty poor policy, Jim.

"Everyone who does anything will make mistakes from time to time. They're inevitable. You make them, too. The players' errors, for instance, are more noticeable than yours because they're in the open where everyone can see them. Managers and coaches make errors in judgment, in the selection of pitchers and in ordering certain plays. But there's nobody to bawl a coach out. The bawling out comes in the nature of failure to renew a coach's contract at the expiration of his term. I'd like to see you make good, Jim—like it better than I can ever tell you—but I'm telling you frankly that matters have reached such a point, that, to many of the players, baseball is hardly worth the effort.

"Driving doesn't go over in other fields of life, either, Jim—in the businesses or professions. Persuasion, coaxing and instruction are much better."

* * *

FOR a moment Jim simply stared at Mr. Jones. Then a wide grin broke over his clean-cut young face and he held out his hand. The older man seized it.

"Those words of yours were pretty strong, Mr. Jones," Jim said. "But no real man should be afraid of the truth. I guess I have been pretty rough on the players. I thought it was the way to get results. I am more interested in sports than anything else. But I can see that everyone isn't. It was swell of you to tip me off before

(Please turn to Page 11.)

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JUNE 7, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:7.

Mon. : Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.—Job 22:21.

Tue. : Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.—Ps. 122:6.

Wed. : Have peace one with another.—Mark 9:50.

Thu. : There is no peace to the wicked.—Isa. 48:22.

Fri. : The way of peace they know not.—Rom. 3:17.

Sat. : The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable.—Jas. 3:17.

"Faith is not an escape from life: it is the grasp of life which interprets and lives it courageously and significantly."

"God is never late."

Consciousness of God's presence is our guard against sin.

"By our need we learn God's fulness;
By our poverty His wealth."

The same sunshine melts the wax and hardens the clay.—Sel.

Meditation and Subjects for Special Prayer

"THE effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Pray for an outpouring of the spirit of prayer on God's people that we may realize our responsibility to uphold in prayer those who are carrying the responsibilities of leadership in every direction — on every front, and for Youth who are preparing to carry those responsibilities.

Gratitude that God's promises cover territory far beyond our highest grasp of faith.

Bless youth everywhere today; may their minds be open to Thy call.

Bless all rulers and leaders of men by making them hear Thy voice and inclining their hearts to Thy will.

Make Thine own people willing to keep praying for Thy will to be done in their own lives, and in the world.

Gratitude for all who have suffered and triumphed. Prayer for all who are now suffering, that they may have strength and courage and joy in Christ; that they may be able to help their persecutors to know the love of God, and that they may be able to help others who suffer.

Little Things with Big Resultts

WE are doing more good than we know, sowing seeds, starting streamlets, giving men true thoughts of Christ, to which they will refer one day as the first things that started them thinking of Him.

For my part I shall be satisfied if no great mausoleum is raised over my grave, but that plain people shall gather there when I am gone and say:

"He was a good man. He wrought no miracles, but he spoke words about Christ, which led me to know Him for myself."—George Matheson, D.D.

Sure

If you are sure of omnipotent aid, what can be too heavy for you? Begin the day joyously, and let no shade of doubt come between thee and the eternal sunshine.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Results

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig a heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done,
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.
—Matthew Arnold.

A MESSAGE FROM CHINA

THE celebrated Chinese Christian statesman and scholar, Dr. T. Z. Koo, speaking in Montreal, took as his text the words of the prophet Jeremiah. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord who exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth."

Dr. Koo said that in times of peace and security we were apt to think much of our wisdom and education, of our material and physical strength, of our wealth, but there come times when all this seems as nothing.

He recalled his experience in a Japanese air raid in China. Everyone had to flee from the city and find what little refuge he could in the fields or the woods. As Dr. Koo sat in the open listening to the approach of the planes, he realized as never before his utter helplessness. There was absolutely no help or security in any material thing. The only thing that helped then was that he knew God and could trust Him, and that was help indeed.

To know God meant, in the words of Studdert Kennedy, "to stake one's life on God."

He said that the dictatorships tried to replace God by the State. The historic religions of China in which he had been brought up gave noble advice as to what to do. In this they were like the Old Testament. But they gave no power to fulfil these noble ideals. Their God was a God afar off who told people what to do, who told people to rise to Him. The Christian revelation told of a God Who had come in to Humanity, Who was with us in all our struggles and all our troubles, and Who gives us strength to overcome them. Only in such a God could nations or individuals find strength or security.

Such men as Dr. Koo are living object lessons as to the value of foreign missions. Their appreciation of the truths of the New Testament is often so whole-hearted as to shame us in the nations which have been nominally Christian for centuries.

Dr. Koo in his message called Christians to live in a higher altitude. It is only by faith in a living God that we shall be able to live through the dangers that threaten the world, and attain to a true, just and lasting peace for our nation and for all men.

Young People's Bible Reading

HAGGAI AND THE TEMPLE

by BEREAN

For Sunday
JUNE 16, 1940.
Haggai 1:
2-12.

CYRUS the creator of the Persian Empire is one of the great figures of antiquity. He was a conqueror and an able ruler. He seems to have been a man who in his dim way "sought after God if happily he might find Him." The "Second Isaiah" admired him greatly and felt that God was calling him to a great work. (Isa. 41:2, 3; 44:28—45:7)

Cyrus was brave and magnanimous. Records on the monuments tell how he restored peoples to their own lands. Among these captives were the Jews whom he found in Babylonia. (2 Chron. 36:22, 23)

We find the story of their return (537-536 B.C.) in the Book of Ezra. They were led by two princes of the old royal line of David, Sheshbazzar (Ezra 1:8-11; 5:14-16) and Zerubbabel (Ez. 2:2; Hag. 1:12-14; 2:2, 4, 23; Zech. 4:6-10) It is possible that both names refer to the same individual.

Jeshua or Joshua the High Priest was their religious leader. (Ez. 2:2; Hag. 1:1, 12, 14; Zech. 3:1-10)

King Cyrus made Zerubbabel governor of Judea. Judah would not be "independent" but a little "independent" kingdom had as little security those days as it has in these.

As a minor member-state in a great generous empire, with the privilege of following its own religion, and conducting its own internal affairs, Judah would enjoy many advantages. At the same time a loyal Judah by her strategic position would aid in the security of the Empire.

Though all the Jews were at liberty to return to Judea, many who had prospered in Babylon decided to remain there. But a great company returned. There were 42,360 freemen with their families and servants. Altogether they numbered probably at least 150,000 souls.

RETURN FROM EXILE

"AFTER a journey of four or five months they reached their own land. It was the spring of the year when they arrived and Nature's fresh life must have corresponded with the gladness of their hearts. A short time elapsed when, in the month of September, they gathered in Jerusalem in great crowds. This was the festival month of the Jewish calendar, and it was therefore befitting that on the month signalized by the Feasts of Trumpets and of Tabernacles, and chiefest of all, by the Day of Atonement, the altar of burnt offering should have been erected and the sacrificial worship resumed. But in the April of the following year a still greater assembly was held. The purpose for which they gathered was to witness the laying of the foundation stone of the temple." (T. W. Harper, D.D., The Temple Bible)

The story in Ezra 3 of the laying of the foundation of the new temple is very interesting. The people of the land, ancestors of the Samaritans of the New Testament, asked Zerubbabel to let them help in rebuilding the temple, "for we seek your God as you do." He answered, "Ye have nothing to do with us to build a house unto our God."

Zerubbabel was a good man, but we can't help thinking that he was mistaken in this refusal. Probably he had some good reason. One result, however, was that the Samaritans hindered the Jews in their work so that they finally stopped building.

IT frequently happens that a great enthusiastic effort is followed by mental and physical depression. It was so in this instance with the Jews. Many of them were very poor, some of them, more comfortably off, were selfish. They were surrounded by unfriendly people. Their city and temple were in ruins so that it seemed impossible that they should ever be rebuilt. I fancy we get hints of this situation in Isa. 64 and 65.

"The hopes created by the generosity and friendliness of Cyrus had been crushed by the pressure of Samaritan jealousy in Palestine, and by the neglect of the successor of Cyrus. They had experienced a series of barren seasons, and were desperately poor. As a community they had lost heart, and needed some impelling power to give them renewed enthusiasm and hopefulness." (Dummelow)

THE VOICE OF A PROPHET

THREE kings during 16 years succeeded the friendly Cyrus. The third king, Darius, seemed likely to be friendly to the Jews. "Haggai seized the opportunity to rouse the dormant energies and ambitions of the people."

We read in Ezra 5:1, 2 how Haggai and Zechariah stirred up the people. We have their words in this crisis in the book of Haggai and in Zechariah chaps. 1 to 8.

In the second year of Darius (520 B.C.) Haggai feels a call from God to speak to Zerubbabel and to Jeshua. (Ezra 4:24-5:1; Hag. 1:1)

The Lord of Hosts.—The armies of heaven were at God's command. All this heavenly power was for the aid of God's faithful servants.

This people say "The time is not come for the Lord's house to be built." (R.V. marg.)—This was no sincere desire to wait for a certain date. It was postponing the building indefinitely. It was a mere excuse.

Is it time for you, you. (lit.)—The repeated pronoun is very emphatic, making a sharp contrast between them and God whose temple they neglected.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forthtell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His folk; He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name alway,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

—*W. Kethe (Scottish Psalter.)*

Memory Verse

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking our own assembling together, as the custom of some is.

—Hebrews 10:24, 25.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Haggai 1:2-12.
Tue.—Haggai 2:1-9.
Wed.—Exodus 25:1-9.
Thu.—1 Kings 8:22-28.
Fri.—11 Chron. 34:8-13.
Sat.—Psalm 84:1-4.
Sun.—Psalm 122:1-9.

Understanding the World

How hard it is to read our newspapers and listen to the radio with **Christian** understanding. So often we see only the superficial aspect of world affairs—the endless conferences, the ruthless conflict, the pitiful futility of diplomacy.

If we saw with Christian eyes, we should see the whole world travailing together until now, because it is waiting for the revelation of the sons of God. That is, it waits to find order and community in the life of the family of God.

What a call to those of us who are in any way sharing in Missionary enterprise!—"Church Missionary Outlook."

HAGGAI

(Continued from Page 7.)

"The prophet retorts the word they use upon themselves: is it then, the 'time' for them to live in well-built, panelled houses?" (Driver)

Paraphrase. In your houses—panelled houses no less. 'Cieled' here as in 2 Chr. 3:5; Jer. 22:14; Ezek. 41:16 means panelled — wainscotted with costly woodwork.

"Houses panelled with costly cedar planks. They could seem to afford luxuries for themselves, but were indifferent to the ruined state of the Templ." (Dummelow)

Consider—Heb. "Set your heart on." Note how the prophet repeats this note 1:5, 7; 2:15, 18. "Consider thoughtfuily the way you are living." They were not "bad" people but they needed to "think."

Count Tolstoy the Russian reformer 35 years ago addressed a little book first to Russia and then to the world. It is called "Bethink Yourselves."

Ye have sown.—"The crops are scanty and poor, men are consequently insufficiently nourished, unable to resist the cold, and impoverished." (Driver)

Bag with holes.—"No one gets ahead, but seems to lose his money as fast as he accumulates it. A vivid picture of alluring hopes and baffling disappointments." (Dummelow)

He calls on them to go up into the hill-country of Judah and cut wood suitable for building (at that time much of Palestine was woodland. Neh. 2:8; 8:15)

Let them do their part and God will pour His glory on their work.

I did blow upon it.—Perhaps "blow it away," or that the scanty grain they had gathered quickly became spoilt. (See Isa. 40:7) The prophet felt that neglect of their duty to God had brought these misfortunes upon them.

Stayed from dew.—"Dew in Palestine is copious, as it is also indispensable for vegetation in the hot and rainless summers." (Driver) (Deut. 33:13, 28; Zech. 8:12)

Wine.—The word used here sometimes denotes fresh grape juice, (Joel 2:24) sometimes a light wine in which fermentation has been checked. Corn (wheat), fresh oil and this grape juice were the three staple products of Palestine. (Deut. 11:14 and elsewhere.)

The leaders and people obeyed God's voic through His prophet. They "feared before the Lord." That is, they reverenced Him and made up their minds to obey Him.

Haggai Speaks To Us

IT would not be fair or right these days to suppose that bad harvests are sent by God as a punishment. They have come in some districts because the laws of nature,—which are the laws of God,—have been disregarded. Because the soil has been "worn out", because for the sake of temporary gain men have denuded the country of trees. The innocent have suffered with the guilty.

"For ourselves, Haggi's appeal to the barren seasons, and poverty of the people, as proof of God's anger with their selfishness must raise questions . . . But . . . national calamities . . . all through history . . . have had a wonderful influence on the spirits of men, forcing them to search their own hearts, and to believe that Providence is conducted for other ends than our own physical prosperity." (G. A. Smith).

But broadly taken the teaching of Haggi should come home to us. Most of the troubles of the world have spiritual causes. Men and nations have thought to find satisfaction in "getting".

Where business disregards justice, honesty, truth, kindness, fair-play, the wealth of a country disappears. In Haggai's phrase one's wages are "put into a bag with holes".

If all people lived like sons and daughters of God we soon would have a new world.

Haggai called his people to build the temple in Jerusalem as a religious centre for the nation.

We know that God is everywhere. He is confined to no earthly temple (1 Kings 8:27; 2 Chron. 6:18; Isa. 57:15; 66:1, 2; Acts 17:24-28 and many other passages). Every home should be "a house of God" and every day a "Lord's day". There is a true sense in which "work is prayer".

But counstituted as we are, we need "means of Grace". Without some place for united worship, without a Sabbath, without stated times for prayer, there is a great danger of all life becoming "secular".

So in our memory verse the little band of Hebrew Christians are urged not to forsake "the assembling of ourselves together." For one thing it will help them to provoke,—that is "to call forth, to excite"—one another to love and to good works.

They are to "exhort one another". It is the word translated elsewhere as "comfort". It is from the same root as "the Comforter". (John 14). "One called alongside for help". We come together in church to strenthen and help each other.

The early Christians thought "the Day", "the end of the world", was very near. We are living in a "day of judgment", the "end of an age". Many tremendous changes are taking place around us. Doubtless there are more to follow. As we abide in God we shall find strength for whatever happens because, as the same Hebrew Christians are assured (13:8). He is "the same, yesterday and today and for ever".

Questions

1. Under what circumstances did Haggai prophesy?
2. What is meant by "the Lord of hosts"?
3. Why did the people say, "The time is not come . . . that the Lord's house should be built"?
4. What did Haggai say about their own houses?
5. What did he tell them to do?
6. What does it mean to "fear" God?
7. What does the word "provoke" mean? The word "exhort"?
8. "Not forsaking—." Complete the verse.

Aspiration

"O Thou to whom man's heart is known,
Grant me my morning's orison.
Grant me the rover's path—to see
The dawn arise, the daylight flee,
In the far wastes of sand and sun
Grant me with venturous heart to run
On the old highway, where in pain
An ecstasy man strives amain,
Outstrips his fellows, or, too weak,
Finds the great rest that wanderers seek. . ."

Let us admit thankfully the wonderful tonic for the mind which prayer can be, the wonderful sense of peace which it can and does bring. But if it comes to be engaged in solely for this purpose it will cease to be in any real sense Christian prayer.

To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinment rather than fashion, to be worthy, not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely, await occasions—never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.—William Ellery Channing.

"STAMPS"

"TWENTY-FIVE ones, please." "Twenty-five ones; here you are, sir." . . . "Thank you." . . . "Yes, Madam?" This sort of conversation goes on continually at the stamp wicket in busy city Post Offices. Stamps are a daily commodity, constantly bought and sold, "licked" and dispatched by millions of people.

There is the story of the man who asked the stamp vendor, "Shall I stick this stamp on myself?" She answered, "No, sir. Stick it on the letter." There is, too, the old riddle, "What is the difference between a postage stamp and a donkey." Answer, "One you stick with a lick, and the other you lick with a stick." It is better not to "lick" animals. They will do more for us through kindness. And actually, "licking" is not the best way with stamps. It is not hygienic. But it is often the quickest.

Few of us ever stop to wonder how we began to use postage stamps, they are so much a part of our everyday lives. But they have a history.

An English schoolmaster, Rowland Hill, was one of the first to suggest the use of a stamp. In 1837 he published a pamphlet recommending that within the United Kingdom the rate for letters not exceeding half an ounce should only be one penny. He said: "Perhaps the difficulties might be obviated by using a bit of paper just large enough to bear the (post office) stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash which by applying a little moisture might be attached to the back of the letter."

Some years before Hill's suggestion, James Chalmers, a printer in Dundee, succeeded in getting the mails speeded up between Dundee and London. He made and used adhesive stamps.

Hill had never seen or heard of Chalmers' invention. Like many other inventions and discoveries it was an instance of two minds seizing on an idea almost at the same time.

Hill brought his stamp under the notice of the postal commissioners in February, 1837, Chalmers made no public mention of his stamp till November of the same year.

The first stamps were issued on May 6, 1840. They are black, bearing a profile of Queen Victoria.

In 1851 stamps perforated by a Mr. Archer were issued at the House of Commons post office. The government purchased Archer's patent and stamps officially perforated were issued on January 28, 1854.

The convenience of the postage stamp soon became obvious to every one. Its use is now universal. The portrait of the ruler or a design based on the flag of the country was naturally the first picture to appear on postage stamps, but especially during recent years, the scope of stamp illustration has been greatly enlarged. Landscapes, machinery, ships, buildings, figures of many sorts all appear on stamps. The postage stamp today is often beautiful as well as useful.

Dare

Dare to be honest, good and sincere,
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.
Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.
Dare to be loving and patient each day,
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.
Dare to be gentle, and orderly too,
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.
Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

—*Vanguard.*

Anyone Can Have Flowers

A WINDOW box overflowing with gaily blooming flowers is within the range of almost everyone. Even the apartment dweller can have one of these.

This sort of gardening is highly intensive wth many more plants to the square foot than would be grown under ordinary conditions. This means that very rich soil should be used and in addition a fairly frequent application of chemical fertilizer during the season. Being exposed on all sides to drying winds, a thorough watering once a day of the window box is advised.

The box painted or stained to match house trim, shoud be as long as the window and should be arranged so that the top of it is almost flush with the window sill.

There must be holes in the bottom to provide drainage, and also a layer of gravel, cinders, broken crockery or similar material for the same purpose.

Along the front of window boxes are planted trailing Nasturtiums, German Ivy, Lobelia, Alyssum and similar plants, with Petunias, Ageratums, Begonias, Ferns, Geraniums and other plants especially recommended for this purpose by gardeners. Shelter from the sun for a day or two should be provided until the plants get established.

Can Start Yet

EVEN in the warmer sections of Canada it is still possible to have a splendid garden. There are plenty of things to plant which will come on quickly. Experienced gardeners in recent years have been purposely holding back a portion of lettuce, spinach, carrot and other vegetable seeds so that the harvesting season may be extended just that much longer.

Late May or early June is the ideal time in most of Canada to plant seed of those hot weather things like melon, cucumber, medium or late corn and beans. It is not safe in many districts to set out celery, tomato, cabbage and pepper plants much sooner.

And of course most started or bedding plants go in about this time anyhow. Among the flowers there is still plenty of time to plant Dahlia, Gladiolus and Canna bulbs or corms.

Replacement

It is a good plan, old gardeners state, to use started annual flowers for planting among tulips and other spring flowering bulbs which will be past their best in a few more weeks. Something is needed to hide dying foliage. Then again quick growing annuals will always be useful for filling in any blind spots in the perennial beds where winter has been unusually severe.

Cultivation

CULTIVATION not only kills weeds, which disfigure beds of flowers and vegetables and rob these respectable tihngs of moisture and food, but it also keeps soil open so that it will remain sweet and absorb necessary chemicals from the air. Bacterial action beneath is also assisted.

(Please turn to Page 12.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

On Empire Day our King spoke to us telling us how grave is the danger we face and how brave, how unselfish, how fearless we have to be. We are not afraid of danger. We trust our lives to God. But we will not allow to be destroyed all that our freedom and our understanding of Christ's way of living on this earth means to us and to humanity. We are not perfect, but we do know God a little and in our Democracies we are free to study, to work and to strive together to learn His plan and practise it.

The pity is that we have cultivated God so little. We have not thought things through enough in the past, many of us have drifted, allowing a half-hearted allegiance to Church and religious activities to take the place of "a living fire" in our hearts for Christ, His Church and His way of living. Now we face the threat that our opportunity to practise His Life and profess it freely and openly may be wrested from us. We who have learned to honor sincerity, purity and individual morality and to love those finer virtues of self-discipline, gentleness, care for the weak and the aged and respect for those of a different race or creed from our own—*we* if we were to come under the thumb of Nazi domination, would be expected to embrace a creed of treachery, brutality, selfishness and deliberate cruelty to defenceless persons. We would be expected to delight in torture and murder, in the reducing of womanhood to the level of cattle, in the heartless, merciless, Godless methods of the Gestapo which the Nazi youth must applaud if they are to avoid being seized by it themselves. Is this what the youth of Canada want?

First of all we must be sure in our minds and hearts that we *love what is right* enough to fight for it. We must be sure that we love Christ and His principles enough to give our entire lives for them. We must do everything we can as hard as we can to win this war, and we must at the same time build up steadily, as we go, the life and principles that we are fighting to preserve. If we don't work on our beliefs we will never know what we have lost if they are taken from us. And if they are saved for us and we don't value them we will not be worthy of the men who are dying to save them.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I received the lovely pencil and the few Northern Messengers you sent me and I was very pleased to get them. Thanks a lot, Aunt Ruth. I wasn't expecting anything, so you see it was quite a surprise for me.

It has been quite damp here these last few days. The seeding is being done in spells.

There are a great many wild flowers out in bloom now. My chum and I went gathering purple and yellow violets today.

We are making collections of either wild flowers or leaves at school. I am going to make mine of flowers as I thought they would be easily pressed and mounted.

The Young People's group are invited to Eugenia this Wednesday night to get acquainted with the Eugenia Young People.

Our school played ball with two other schools last week. We won both games, so now we think we are pretty good ball players. We are afraid to play with many more schools just in case they win!

Is there anyone who likes exchanging songs? If so please write to me as that is one of my favorite hobbies.

I will be looking for pen-pals from all over the world.

Thanking you again for the lovely pencil and Messengers, I remain, sincerely,—Ruth Blackburn, Ont.

P.S.—I wondered if Viola Lambert from Nova Scotia would write to me?

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

RUTH BLACKBURN

Honorable Mention

GRACE HILBORN

* *

PEACE

Lucille Gingrich

We hope for peace,
We long for peace,
That Love may have a start;
But after all the greatest peace
Is found within the heart.

The greatest peace,
The sweetest peace,
That human tongue can tell
Is that sweet peace
That Jesus gives,
And in our hearts doth dwell.

—Youth's Christian Companion.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a girl of eleven years of age. My bidthday is February 25th. Have I a twin sister or brother? I have dark hair and dark eyes. We have a Junior Red Cross in our school. We hold our meetings every other Friday. The name of our branch is "Cape Sable."

For a pet I have a cat named Joe Louis. He has double paws. I have two sisters named Marion and Kathleen and three brothers named Robert, Seaton and Lawrence. I will say goodbye for now. Your chum,—Olive M. Brown, N.S.

P.S. I would like a chum about my age to write to me.

To Phyllis Campbell from Grace Hilborn

Dear Phyllis:—I read your letter in the Northern Messenger a few weeks ago and was glad you wrote again.

I have brown eyes and brown hair. I weigh 102 pounds and am five feet one inch tall.

I am in grade 8. My teacher's name is Miss Haldie. She is a very nice teacher. I don't think I will go on to Continuation School next year as I will be helping my mother.

I saw the King and Queen at Kitchener which is nine miles away. I go to the United Brethren Sunday School whch is at Roseville one mile away. The public school which I go to is also at Roseville.

We keep horses, cows, pigs and chickens. We have a little colt which is one month old and we call it Isabel. We have also a baby calf and 125 little chickens. We have 146 acres on our farm. Yesterday when I was to our bush. I saw a coon up in a tree. I also saw a little squirrel. We have all kinds of flowers in our bush. Every spring we take a walk to the woods. Your chum,—Grace Hilborn, Ont.

Barber—You say you have been here before? I don't remember your face.

Customer—Probably not. It's all healed up now.

The Broken Cup

By Marion Wathen Fox

"CUT—ah cut-cut! Cut—ah cut-cut! cackled one of Mrs. Brownlee's hens at the back-door, early one lovely spring morning, just as the family were getting breakfast—all but little Violet, not yet out of bed.

"Sounds as though she's laid an egg and was proud of it," laughed eight-year old Derrick.

"Well, it's about time some of them started to lay," answered his mother. "You run out and see, Derrick, maybe she's been hiding her eggs round the back door some place."

So, Derrick ran out. He was only gone a moment or two when he came back almost out of breath and seeming nearly as surprised and excited as though the whole place were on fire, and shouting.

"Oh, come quick! Come quick, everybody!"

So, father and all, left the breakfast table and rushed out, lickety-split.

"Cut, cut—ah cut! Cut! Cut!" proudly cackled the hen as she saw the whole family, but after that first jubilant glance, she kept on scratching up the soft earth with one of her feet and cackling away triumphantly as though to say:

"Just see how clever I am, will you! Just look at that! I dug it out of the ground myself!" and there on the ground where she was digging, if there wasn't—*one of mother's very best tea-cups,* or rather, two pieces of it. It had been buried in the ground and the hen had dug it up.

"Oh, my lovely cup!" exclaimed mother, nearly crying. "Someone's broken it and buried the pieces there! Now—who did?" and she looked accusingly about at the three chldren before adding,

"I shouldn't have had it broken for anything?"

"Well, I didn't break it—so there!" answered Derrick.

"Well, I'm sure I didn't" added six-year old Patsy.

"And I'm certain I didn't," continued ten-year old Florence a bit crossly.

"Well, it couldn't have broken itself self and buried itself there that's certain, so one of you children just **must** have done it," and mother's voice sounded very cross indeed.

"Easy mother," soothed father. "It's possible it might have come to grief wthout the children."

So, each of the children began to suspect that one of the others must have done it, and been afraid to tell the truth. And they all went in and finished their breakfast without speaking. And the day that had started so happily suddenly became gloomy and sad.

But at last it came nearly evening and the family were ready to sit down to supper.

"Run, Patsy, and call 'baby' in, she's playing out there at the back-door," requested mother.

So, in a minute, in came four-year old Violet, her big blue eyes filled with tears, and sobbing away as though her little heart were half broken, while in one hand she held up—another piece of mother's china tea-cup. In with her sobbing she was saying,

"Oh, Mumsey! That old hen dugged up the pieces of your lovely cup what I planted for you. I knew you'd be sorry because I broked it so —I remembered how the little bits of potatoes grow into a big lot of whole potatoes, and I—I was going to have a lovely s'prise for you and grow a lot of lovely new cups for you—just like the potatoes did. Wouldn't you have been 'sprised, mother? And pleased? And now that horrid hen dug them up before they growed into cups," and here the little gardener buried her face in mother's lap and—just cried.

But the family all laughed and laughed, until at last mother sobered down and told Violet that she must always come straight to mother and tell her when she broke anything, and—the difference between potatoes and cups. Then she turned to the other children and said,

"And it's taught us not to suspect other people of doing wrong till we're sure."

"That's so," replied father. "We should keep the Golden Rule even in our thoughts of each other."

And the hen, with her head peeping in at the open window, clucked happily:

"Cut—cut! Cut—cut!"—That's so! That's so!

But baby 'planted' no more tea-cups.

HOW A LITTLE BOY FOUND COURAGE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON tells a story that his grandfather told him.

When the grandfather was a little boy—and even grandfathers were little boys once!—he was in a ship near the famous Bell Rock when a terrible storm burst upon them. It went on for many hours, and for a long time grew worse and worse.

He was put into a bunk and told to go to sleep. But, it was no use, he couldn't sleep. He was frightened. He could hear the grown-ups talking in the cabin, and he knew that they were frightened too! So he crept out of his bunk, and climbed a ladder leading to the deck, and peeped out.

The great waves were sweeping over the ship, and the boy felt more frightened than ever. Then he saw a sailor lashed to the mast, keeping watch. Every now and then the spray would beat over him.

But as the boy looked at him he saw on the sailor's face, a smile—and he crept back to his bunk and went fast asleep!

Well, I suppose we will all feel just a bit frightened sometimes—even the bravest of us, when life's storms are upon us. But if in the storm we have Jesus with us, we shall see a smile upon His face, and we shall know that it is all right. "I am with you alway," he said. "Why are you afraid?"—C. E. N.

FRESHMAN COACH

(Continued from Page 5.)

it was too late. At least, I hope it isn't too late."

"I'm sure it isn't," Mr. Jones told him. "You have everything in your favor. I knew you'd take it as you did. The ability to take it is a mark of the truly great."

From that time on things were different. Instead of unthinkingly censuring his players for some misplay Jim encouraged and coached them so that they would not make the same mistake again. He became their friend and counselor instead of just the fellow who made their ears burn—who bawled them out. A new appreciation for Jim developed among the boys under his wing. Even Steve returned to the fold and pitched as never befor. Players and coach became the best of pals.

Jim's team won the league championship, after a disastrous beginning. It was a great victory for a young coach in his first year. It furnished proof that coaxing and not driving is the way to get the best results in sport the same as in other activities of life.

Discrimination

"Why are you crying, little girl?"

" 'Cause my brother has holidays and I don't."

"Well, why don't you have holidays?"

" 'Cause I don't go to school yet."

THINKING ALOUD IN WAR

"THINKING Aloud in War Time' by Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead of the City Temple, London, (The Musson Book Company Limited, Toronto, $1.00) presents "an attempt to see the present situation in the light of the Christian Faith." Mr. Weatherhead served first as a combatant and later as a chaplain in the last war. He "almost became a pacifist" but realized that for him "the pacifist position in its extreme form would have been a refusal to think things through." From a chapter headed "Can we pray about War?" we quote:

What is prayer? . . . To misunderstand the nature and purpose of prayer is to become disappointed when the results are not what we hoped. "God let me down," said a young fellow to a friend of mine. "My brother was wounded in the war. I prayed that my brother might live. Any decent person would have answered. He did not. My brother died. I have no faith left." Some prayers are just selfish expressions of the self-preservation instinct, an appeal that we should be kept safe from danger. . . . Others are appeals that matters shall turn out as *we* think they ought to do.

* * *

Prayer, as I understand it, seeks primarily communion with God. . . Prayer is not a kind of spiritual medicine which it does one good to take, a kind of ointment for sore hearts, a spiritual sedative for inflamed nerves. It is far from being a mere penny-in-the-slot way of getting God to give us things. It may begin on lowly levels, but as God's nature is increasingly understood, it quickly moves from "Give me" to "Make me" and on to "Show me." The highest prayer I imagine simply to be adoration of the revealed nature of the Highest and a longing at all costs to be caught up into God's purposes and be one with Him.

"The war has caused a revolution in the thinking of many people. After the Great War the author of this book rethought the whole question and arrived at a pacifist position. In the light of recent events he has again considered the problem and records here the steps by which he retreated from pacifism. It is a clear setting forth of the whole position by one who is thoroughly seized with the horrors of war, and sympathetic with the position of the pacifist and the conscientious objector."

Let Us Join

Let us join twenty-five thousand persons who have linked themselves in a Chain of Prayer through the (London) "Christian Herald" in the following:

Prayer for Peace

WE draw near to Thee, heavenly Father, in the all-prevailing name of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Thou knowest that we are burdened by the horrors and cruelties of war, and anxious because of the dangers to which our loved ones are exposed. In Thy great love and mercy, turn the hearts of all men to Thy will and purpose, so that through repentance and faith they may be at peace with Thee and be reconciled to one another. . . . We pray for Thy Church at home and overseas. O Lord, wilt Thou not revive us again? . . . Hasten the glad hour when righteousness and truth shall be established, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and His Christ. Hear, Lord, in heaven, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest forgive, for the sake of Jesus Christ our only Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"Neighbors"

(Continued from Page 4.)

"Go after them," answered the young farmer with brief determination, "and as you have something at stake, I must have your help."

John looked at the long rows of corn to be thinned out and cultivated and considered. He had a narrow face with small, close-set eyes. His lips were thin and shut tight together. In old age, if his training did not run along other lines, he might become a hard, penurious man.

(To Be Continued.)

FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 9.)

While a small hoe is almost an essential implement there are today other things which will relieve much of the drudgery which the hoe still represents in the eye of the growing boy. A little three fingered wire cultivator will work wonders around vegetables. A Dutch hoe which is shoved along about an inch under the soil will cultivate a hundred feet or so of perennial bed in thirty minutes.

For vegetable rows, there are small cultivators pushed by hand which will cultivate a plot of 100 by 50 feet in well under half an hour and these can be procured in larger size for horse or tractor.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. The Jews had come back from exile but neglected rebuilding the temple.
2. To the Jews it meant that God was the Commander of the armies of heaven. To us it means that He commands all the invincible forces of goodness.
3. It was an excuse for postponing the building.
4. That they were building fine houses for themselves while neglecting the temple.
5. To go into the mountains and cut wood for the temple.
6. To reverence Him.
7. "To call forth, to excite". "To help, to strengthen".
8. Heb. 10:25.

Northern Messenger

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Published Weekly

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If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*; though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

Riddles Contributed by Chums

1. What relation is your uncle's brother to you if he isn't your uncle?
2. Is it lawful for a man to marry his widow's niece?
3. What gets larger the more you take away from each end?
4. How could two fathers and two sons walk into a restaurant and pay only $1.50 if an individual bill costs 50 cents.—Sent in by Rose Dickson, Ont.

CIRCLE TAG

Circle. Players 10 feet apart, all face right. At signal each tries to tap player in front but keeps running in circle. Play leader can reverse direction as desired. This will add to the fun. Try this at your next picnic.

MENAGERIE RACE

Divide players into fours. Each four named lions, dogs, cats, tigers or any other animal. Play leader calls "Lions" and four run to post and back, all "give tongue" as they run. Then "dogs" and so on.

Winners in each team run off race between them, their teams meanwhile "giving tongue" to encourage them.

BIRDS

He is among the earliest to arrive in our northern countries. We should like him for every day he eats three or four times his weight in worms that otherwise might be damaging our young plants. When the little birds come they are still more voracious then their parents.

He has a pretty song which he repeats again and again. He is friendly and often builds his nest, made of grass and leaves, etc. under the eaves of houses. I won't describe him for you'd know him right away. What is his name?

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in fish. It isn't in fowl,
My 2nd's in grunt. It isn't in howl.
My 3rd's in mud. It isn't in clay,
My 4th's in morning. It isn't in day,
My 5th's in eagle. It isn't in crow.
My 6th's in water. It isn't in snow,
My 7th's in shadow. It isn't in sun,
My 8th's in avoid. It isn't in shun,
My 9th's in "Hullo!" It isn't in "Hi!"
My 10th's in swim. It isn't in fly.
My 11th's in dew. It isn't in snow,
My 12th's in travel. It isn't in go,
My 13th's in day. It isn't in night,
My 14th's in struggle. It isn't in fight,
We look to my whole for rest and for fun,
From the dawn of each day to the set of each sun.

A CHINESE SONG

These verses were printed as a song sung by a Chinese lady, English letters being used in place of the Chinese. Can you read the song? With a little study it is not difficult.

Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo f thebe st,
Twillpr oveam ostex celentt ea,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st.

Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

—C. N.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Enigma.—A nail.

Bible Acrostic.—1. Willow. 2. Obed. 3. Rahab. 4. Tabor. 5. Hezekiah. 6. Yoke. 7, Issachar. 8. Sceva. 9. Tadmor. 10. Harp. 11, Euphrates. 12. Laodicea. 13. Armageddon. 14. Moloch. 15. Bethel.

Worthy is the Lamb.

One-Minute Problem.—5, 1; 11, 3; 17, 13; 15, 9; 19, 7.

Answers to Riddles.—1. Bald Head. 2. A hole in her stocking. 3. Cabbage.—Sent in by Lydia A. May, Nfld.

Gasps and Giggles

He—"It's very nice of you to dance with me."

She—"Oh, don't mention it. It's a charity ball, isn't it?"

Strange Query!

Guard—You saw the accident; whose fault was it?

Spectator—It was a bad head-on-smash.

Guard—I know, but whose car hit the other first?

A little boy at the local school speech day came forward on the platform and began to recite.

" 'Friends, Romans, countrymen—lend me your ears'," he began.

"That must be the Jones boy," said one of the listening mothers, with feeling. "They're always trying to borrow something."

PERFECT ENDINGS

I AM so frequently asked to give people with speeches to make a telling tale with which to end that I am writing this paragraph, which I hope they will cut out and preserve. There are at least three perfect tales with which to end an after-dinner speech. One tells how one keen and frosty morning a stout and elderly gentleman was on his way to catch a train when he fell on the slippery footpath of the hilly street, and was propelled by his weight down the steep incline. A young lady who was coming out of her gate was overturned by the on-rushing body, sat upon him, and was carried towards the foot of the hill till, as they reached the railway station the gentleman panted: "You get off, miss; I stop here!" After telling the tale you add, "And so do I," and resume your seat, the most popular man in the place for some moments.

Alternatively, you may prepare for falling on silence by telling how they ask a riddle in the East, which runs: "Which is the happier, a man with a million of money or a man with nine daughters?" The proper answer is: "The man with nine daughters, of course, because he wants no more." Having so reported you have your audience where you want them, and add: "I see that my hearers are like the man with nine daughters, and have had enough," and immediately take your seat, amid cries of "Go on! Go on!" which, if you are wise, you will ignore.

Another very effective little tale with which to reach the end of your remarks is that of the small boy who was asked to describe the spine. "The spine," he said, "is a string of bones that runs down my back. At one end there's my head, and on the other end I sit down." "And I," you add, "am at once going to imitate his example," and then the applause breaks out and all imperfections there may have been in your speech are forgotten.—Methodist Recorded.

She—"Did you know that women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages?"

He—"Why, of course, dear; that's when they need it most!"

Clerk: "I thought I'd tell you I've been here just 25 years, sir."

Boss: "So it's you that's worn this hole in the carpet."

Nunno, Algernon, just because they have a blackout every night it is not correct to say that England is on "Moonlight Saving Time."

Passenger. "Have I time to say good-bye to my wife?"

Porter: "I don't know, sir: how long have you been married?"

DEVILLED CHICKEN

Allow 1-2 a tender young broiler to each person if the chicken weighs around 1 1-2 pounds. Have it split down the back as for broiling, rub well with salt and pepper and brown it quickly on both sides in hot butter. Remove to a baking pan. Cream 4 tablespoons butter with 1-4 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1-4 teaspoon salt and a dash of tabasco sauce and spread on the chicken. Sprinkle with 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs and bake until the chicken is tender.

FRUIT CUP

Peel a plump avocado and cut in balls with a fancy cutter. Mix 1 cup of the avocado balls with 1 cup orange sections, and 1 cup orange juice. Chill or serve in a glass. Garnish with sliced fresh strawberries.

PLUM PUDDING

Combine 4 cups plums, halved and pitted 1 1-2 cups water and 1-2 (or more) cup sugar and cook until the fruit is tender. Sift together 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1-2 teaspoon salt. Beat 1 egg well, add 1-2 cup milk and combine with the dry mixture. Drop by teaspoons into the hot fruit and cover tightly. Cook about 15 minutes. A little whipped cream or hard sauce may be used as a garnish. Cherries, ripe peaches, wild plumbs, currants or other fruit may be used for this dessert. Recipe serves 6.

So is June!

May is like a maiden,
  Full of winsome grace,
Walking flower-laden
  Every lovely place;

Where a shadow passes
  From the purple hills,
Over springing grasses
  Bright with daffodils;

Where the lilac showers
  Petals in the rain,
And the maple flowers
  Fall along the lane;

Where the dew is lying
  Wet upon the thorn,
And the bluebirds flying
  Through the rosy morn.

May is like a maiden,
  Young and eager-eyed,
Walking flower-laden
  Through the country-side.

—Selected.

Custards usually whey or curdle because they are cooked at too high a temperature or too long a time. Milk that is a little sour may cause curdling of a custard.

"A scientist says that we ought to eat food that will develop the cranium."

"Well, I could suggest an appropriate menu. Noodle soup, head cheese and cocoanut pie."

Salesman (to farmer): What do you do with such an apple crop?

Farmer: Well, we eat what we can and what we can't eat we can.

Salesman: Well, we do much the same thing. We sell what we can sell and what we can't sell we cancel.—"The Champion."

It Was Not Inherited

MRS. D. W. HINDS

JOYCE CATHERINE is a young lady of fifteen. Whether she is at a picnic lunch on a beautiful river bank, or taking a trip to the fascinating desert, or merely working contentedly at home, she finds and delights in the beauty of nature. Healthy in mind and body, she unerringly finds the true and lasting joys of life. She is—well, lovely.

Cathy, as she is called by friends, hasn't the slightest idea why she loves nature. She told her chum, "I don't know why I want to work so much in the garden. I just love it; it was inherited, I suppose."

Her remarks recall pleasant memories of my first visit to Mr. Shattuck, when Cathy was a three-year-old. We were walking in the garden, and Cathy, who was in her mother's arms much of the time on such occasions, squirmed to be put down, and reached pleadingly toward the flowers. Her mother placed her within reach of her prize beauties. To my surprise, the child did not pull a single flower but buried her face in them.

"How did she learn not to pull them?" I asked.

Mrs. Shattuck watched the child fondly. "Oh, that wasn't difficult; children love living things. After we had enjoyed the pansies, one morning, we pulled one and left it where the sun's rays would strike it. Later, we returned to the spot, and I called her attention to the fact that the flower was now withered and had lost its sweetness and I impressed her with its uselessness by throwing it regretfully away. It was necessary to repeat the lesson but twice. She loves to touch the blossoms but is careful."

Although a child's instinct is to handle all that it sees, it has no inherent destructive tendencies. The mutilation which often occurs is due chiefly to lack of muscular coordination. The child merely intends to experiment; he wishes to see if the flower is tangible and how it feels, and wants to know what is inside of it.

When he is satisfied regarding these points, he is no longer likely to harm it, unless the parent has caused him to develop a tendency to some unfortunate emotional reaction at the sight of it.

Mrs. Shattuck was helping her child to build up only pleasurable reactions. She carried her from flower to flower encouraging her to breathe deeply of their fragrance and repeating the name of each, distinctly. When Cathy was five, she had, "my own little garden", and knew the names of all flowers and plants not only in that, but in her mother's garden, too.

"I want my child to love nature," Mrs. Shattuck had said. "Why should I wait until she reaches the age of reason before teaching her, since successful advertisers appeal almost solely to the senses and emotions in order to secure the attention of the adult? Surely children can be taught in the same way.

"Advertisers attract our attention by portraying action; force us to remember, by employing repetition; by use of illustration, make us see, smell and taste the edibles advertised. In my teaching I am being a good advertiser: swaying branches and leaves attract Cathy's attention; beautifully arranged color schemes and pleasant odors create desire. I close the sale by creating confidence—my actions convince her that this beauty is worth while, and she accepts it."

We find Cathy at the age of fifteen believing that her love for out-door life is inherited, because it has grown upon her so naturally, really as a result of wise and careful early guidance.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JUNE 7, 1940.

AN EMPIRE AT PRAYER

SUNDAY, May 26, 1940 will long be remembered by the peoples of the Empire as well as by thoughtful people everywhere. All the Empire was at prayer.

The King and Queen and leaders of the nation worshipped in Westminster Abbey. Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews and people of many other faiths joined in supplication. In Eastern countries in temples and mosques prayer ascended to God Who knows the hearts of all men and Who hears the cry of all who "worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Following up His Majesty's call to prayer, heads of the different churches called on their people everywhere.

The Anglican Primate of Canada in a broadcast asked prayer for

"wisdom and right judgment among our leaders, that by God's mercy and guidance upon them all forces which oppose them may be held back.

"The God who hears prayer and answers prayer according to His high wisdom lives today as in the days of our fathers. Pray that through this dreadful time multitudes who have forgotten Him, or who have ceased to pray to Him may find Him still the same as He was in many a testing moment in the history of this people."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec also spoke over the radio on Saturday evening in both French and English.

"All Christians in the Dominion," he said, and "the millions scattered throughout the Empire, find in the teachings of Christ the truest and strongest grounds for their loyalty to their earthly sovereigns. . . .

"They will all, therefore, piously respond to the call of their beloved sovereign whose domestic life commands our sincere admiration and who in his visit to this country last year won the affection of his Canadian subjects."

He said that "the righteousness of our cause should lead us to make sacrifices to ensure its triumph."

On Sunday at the New York World's Fair the day was observed in the British, Canadian, French, Belgian, Polish and Norwegian pavilions and the Australian and New Zealand wings of the British colonial building.

At the Canadian pavilion a trumpeter blew the Last Post at 4 p.m. and visitors and staff stood solemnly at attention during two minutes of silence. Other Canadians joined the hundreds of Britons who thronged the impressive Magna Carta room at the British pavilion, where Rev. John Brett Langstaff conducted the Episcopal service.

* * *

IN the Saturday broadcasts and throughout the Sunday services there was a marked absence of national or imperial glorification, and as marked an absence of mere formal "penitence."

People humbly and reverently drew near to God and prayed for Divine guidance and help in a day of stress and danger.

As our nations continue in this spirit we shall be more ready to meet whatever trials the future may hold and shall be more fitted to use the fruits of peace when at last it comes.

WHEN FREE SPEECH IS MOST SACRED

EVEN in these times of unique and extreme crisis we still talk a good deal of "the better day." We think of it in terms of economic, social and political conditions—all of them outward things.

Is that why God does not immediately answer our prayers for the better day, or use us in bringing it about? Are we prepared for His "better day"?

Like the Kingdom of God, the better day "is within you." If it is not within us, then wherever we go, and under whatever circumstances, there it is not. If it is within us, wherever we go there it is. We become the better day, we are the Kingdom of God.

In no other way can we bring it about. Economics won't do it. Social advantages won't do it. Political theories and laws won't do it. Peace through cessation of war won't do it. These are some of the fruits, not the root of the matter.

Yet in this time of world crisis we spend our time advocating many theories, such for example as liberty of speech, rather than listening to God. Liberty of speech is indeed a very sacred right. But there is something still more sacred and that is the guidance of God—and obedience to that guidance.

Dull as is our conception of spiritual things, we shall not go far wrong if we are constantly seeking God's will that we may do it. There was one good man who doubted a direct promise from God and—was it lest he use his free tongue to further express his misgiving?—he was made dumb until the promise was fulfilled and he had recognized its fulfilment.

Some of those who are loudest in their demand for freedom of speech seem to be least concerned about the voice of God. Some human rights are only right when they are in right perspective. When out of perspective they become, in the words of Milton, "disproportioned sin."

A member of parliament may exploit the sacred freedom of the House or a judge that of the bench for libellous or other outrageous talk, even to incite lawless actions such as he would not dare voice outside of parliament or the court room. That is free speech with a vengeance. And greater is the sin within the protection of law than that outside of such protection.

What we are in desperate need of today is that God should be allowed freedom of speech within our souls. Surely that is His right; yet how seldom we give Him that right. Is that why He tries to break through our resistance by talking to us through the cannon mouth?

Surely the time has come when we must recognize that character is the only asset and God the only security, and that only in glad service of others can we find for ourselves the life more abundant.

LITTLE REFUGEES

TEN thousand French and Belgian children orphaned and homeless through this war are expected in Canada during the next few months. Some will be wards of the state, many others will come straight to the hearts and homes of kindly Canadians.

The Province of Quebec has volun-

(Please Turn to Page 16, Col. 3.)

"WE LIVE BY FAITH"

We live by faith; but Faith is not the slave
Of text and legend, Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs;
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge, no sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is good.

—John G. Whittier.

THE AMAZING SPIDER

I SUPPOSE some of you imagine, as so many people do, that spiders are insects. They are not, writes "A. B. C." in the R. S. P. C. A. Journal. A spider is divided into two distinct parts, not three, as an insect is, for there is no division between a spider's head and its shoulders, and that is one reason by which we know it is not an insect. But there are other differences as well.

A spider has eight legs, and no grown-up perfect insect ever has more than six. These are points worth remembering, for it is always interesting to be able to recognize to what class our little friends belong.

There are other differences, but these cannot so easily be seen. Insects breathe by a net-work of air-tubes running all over the body; but a spider, besides these air-tubes, has generally two or four little lung-books.

It is easy to remember that, as well as having eight legs, a spider has eight eyes. These are like little bright beads, and are arranged in two rows on the front of its head. These eyes are not like the great compound eyes of most insects, but like the three simple eyes the bee has in the middle of her forehead. As a matter of fact, for all its eyes, the spider is very short-sighted, and depends on its keen sense of smell and touch for finding its food.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the spider has smelling bristles on its body, it is really its fine sense of touch that is of most value to it. This has its center in the bristles at the ends of the legs, and constitutes the highest form of sensitiveness known.

This amazing little creature is a spinning expert, and carries around its own spinning factory. At the end of the body there are six spinning fingers, called spinnerets, which make the most exquisite spinning machine, said to be the most wonderful in the world. These fingers are short and stumpy, with rounded tips, and are covered with little spinning tubes or spools, with a tiny hole at the end of each, through which the silk comes out.

The silk is not a skein inside the spinner, but is liquid until it comes in contact with the air. The spider can use as many spools at a time as it likes, and so can vary the thickness of the threads, and the quality of the silk. It has three different kinds of silk, and always uses the best suited for the work that it is doing—a snare to catch food; a soft cocoon for the children; or a swinging-rope for itself.

Have you ever studied the beauty of a spider's web? It is a most lovely thing. In the early morning, glistening with dew-drops, it is as beautiful as jeweled lace. I wish I had space to tell you of some of the wonderful cobwebs I have seen.

A spider has beautiful little claws on its feet, like tiny combs. These it uses for combing itself most carefully, for it is very particular to keep itself neat and clean. A spider never neglects its toilet.

But I have to confess that these little people are quarrelsome and quick tempered and, alas, that they are cannibals, too!

It's the handclasp and the good word and the smile, that does the most, and helps the most, to make the world worth while.—W. D. Nesbit.

If thou are worn and sore beset
With sorrows thou wouldst fain forget
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills.
No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Longfellow.

Two things stand like stone, kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own.—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Have Faith!

"There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief:
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know."

—E. Y. Case.

LITTLE REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 15.)

teered to take 1,000 of these little refugees. Premier Godbout and fourteen members of the Provincial Cabinet have set a fine example by promising to take one child each into their homes and to give them every advantage of training and education.

Since the troubles in Europe began, the *Messenger* has maintained that Canada should open her doors to the war-stricken. France and Britain, with their crowded populations, have already done far more than their share.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," says the apostolic writer, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." "Whosoever receiveth one such little child," says our Saviour, "receiveth Me and whosoever receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me." And many families have been greatly blessed by the needy child or children they have taken into their homes.